

National Republican

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.	
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NATIONAL REPUBLICAN.

JOHNSON AND BLONDIN.

(Extracted from Punch, from the latest edition of Bowdler's
Life of Dr. Johnson.)

The next day was Saturday, and I called upon my friend in the Temple, and after some hesitation I mentioned that I had purchased tickets of admission to the Crystal Palace to see the feats of the French acrobat, Blondin, who was to exhibit that day. I said that I did not know whether I should go or not.

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "why do you tell me a lie? You know that you have resolved upon witnessing this Frenchman's exhibition, and the weakness of the desire is less culpable than the cowardice of the mendacity that would veil it."

I admitted that I had the curiosity to behold an instance of the power of courage and skill in surmounting difficulties of a grave nature.

"You are a humbug," said my friend, "you are nothing for the fellow's courage or skill, but you have a vulgar desire to go with the multitude, and, perhaps, a concealed hope that you may be present at a painful catastrophe."

I urged that the Prince of Wales, my Sovereign's eldest son, had witnessed the night, and rewarded the performer with a medal.

My friend became exceedingly angry. "Do not," he said, "drag the name of a member of the royal family of these realms (royal de facto) he added with a murmur to himself) into your miserable plea. The Prince of Wales, in not refusing to join in a transatlantic holiday, was graciously discharging an instalment of the duty for which he was accredited to the West. You have no business on Sydenham-hill, and if you had a medal, so far from bestowing it upon Blondin, you would stick it upon your own hat, and repeat the Psalter. Let me hear no such nonsense."

But my character, as is well known, is one of invincible fortitude and pertinacity, and when I know myself to be in the right, I am not easily put down. I therefore returned to the charge with a courage which almost astonished myself.

"Pindar sang the praises of horse-racing, Dr. Johnson," I replied.

"A horse is not a Frenchman, nor are you Pindar," retorted my friend, with that quickness which belonged to him. The lively sallies restored his good humor, for he added, "You are not even a Pindar of Wakefield, though in your heart you despise Goldy's Vicar of that locality."

This was unjust, and I told him that though I did not think so highly of Goldsmith's little tale as some did, I was far from despising an elegantly written and moral fable. I then said, "Dr. Johnson, will you do me the favor to come and see Blondin?"

He laughed, and said I was putting him to the experiment of a crucible, which I afterwards thought a most felicitous phrase, because the Frenchman had to "cross" the tesseract. I doubt not I have lost hundreds of equally good things through my culpable negligence of transcription.

"Why, sir," he said, "if you had asked me to purchase a ticket for this sight I should have peremptorily refused, because I am not justified in contributing to bribe a fellow creature though only a Frenchman and a mountebank, to risk the loss of his life. But as you have paid for the tickets, and as I shall not repay you, the onus is with yourself, and I will accompany you."

"We are at the Crystal Palace," I remarked, as the train entered the station.

"The building is not of crystal, nor is it a palace," said my illustrious friend.

The name, I said humbly, was given by Mr. Punch.

"Mr. Punch is a great authority," said Dr. Johnson, removing his hat for a moment, "and I will accept his nomenclature. The fact had escaped me."

So ready was he to own an error when it was properly brought before him.

"Mr. Punch," he continued, "is most fortunate in selecting denominations. It was he who gave the name of Arcadia to that new arched garden and locality at South Kensington, a name which I observe the journals are all adopting without acknowledgement of the original inventor. But few can so well afford to be robbed, though the wealth of the Bank of England is no excuse for the criminality of the burglar."

We proceeded across the beautiful garden, and my friend, whose classic recollections were ever ready, pointed to the Mercury on one of the water temples, and remarked that there was a Blondin ready perched. I said, "Stat in ceterum," but was immediately and sternly rebuked by my honored friend for light use of a word signifying eternity. "But," he added playfully, "do not be cast down, for you yourself are an everlasting donkey." This reassured me, and we ascended to the gallery and took our seats. Gazing down upon the vast area, on the sides of which and around it, were nearly 10,000 persons, Dr. Johnson whispered sily:

"Do you think as many persons would come to see you supported by a single cord?"

I felt hurt; for though I am conscious of many shortcomings, it was wondrous to think that the greatest moralist of the age had ever seriously contemplated my coming to be hanged.

"Do not be a fool," said Dr. Johnson, kindly. "You will repose in your Scottish manse, followed by an innumerable array of semi-deadened Caledonia bores; so be happy and survey mankind."

The Frenchman came upon the rope, ran, tumbled, stood upon his head, feigned to slip, lay down, walked backwards blindfolded, and performed his other extraordinary gymnastic feats at a height of 180 feet from the floor that had been cleared below. Military music played, the vast assembly applauded, and tears came into my eyes.

"What are you blubbering for?" said my illustrious friend. "Do you envy that poor acrobat in his triumph, or do you imagine that you yourself could perform those feats better? In the first alternative the sentiment is unworthy; the second, the vanity is egregious."

Thus did he ever seek to improve my mind and heart, and what I owe to him? I told him, however, that he misjudged me, and that I was weeping to think that 10,000 of my fellow-creatures had assembled to derive excitement from the chance of a French mountebank breaking his neck.

"Spare your tears and stow your twaddle," responded my venerable friend. "They have come for no such savage purpose. They have heard that a person has acquired the art of safely walking on a suspended cord, and they evince a laudable desire to witness a triumph of courage and skill. Do you degrade your fellow-subjects to the level of the Roman spectators of gladiator fights? Is there one person in that crowd who would turn up the thumb, if doing so would bring down that acrobat to that floor?"

I did not dare to remind him that he had summarily crushed my own plea in his chambers, but I asked him whether he would take anything to drink. He was condescending enough to partake of a bottle of Scotch ale with me, and seasoned it by a good-humored gibe at my selecting liquor bearing the name of my country.

"The health of the French acrobat, with the American reputation, in a tumbler of Scotch ale!" he said.

"Drunk by Dr. Johnson," I ventured to add, "whose reputation is neither French nor American, nor Scotch, nor English, but universal."

"You are a thundering humbug," said my friend, smiling. I have reason to believe that he was pleased, for he permitted me to pay the cab from the terminus to the Temple.

BERGER'S BILLIARD PLAY IN BUFFALO.

The billiard performances of M. Berger in Buffalo are thus noticed by the Commercial Advertiser of that city:

"The exhibition opened with a French carom game of one hundred points, between M. Berger and Secreter. For the benefit of the uninitiated, we say here, that in this game but three balls are used, the two whites and the pink, and that each carom counts one. Among every-day players, a score of eight in this game would be considered good, equal to fifty in our ordinary game. The score last night was as follows:

Berger—1, 15, 9, 0, 23, 10, 3, 0, 1, 8, 1, 0, 5, 1, 4, 1, 10
Secreter—3, 4, 9, 8, 4, 1, 0, 9, 3, 9, 2, 9, 9, 1, 18

"When the game was finished, M. Berger changed the balls for a smaller set, with which he executed those shots which the papers all over the country described, but which were never fully believed possible until now. It seemed as if M. Berger had his cue-ball divided accurately in his eye into countless partitions, and that he knew in just what serpentine course a stroke on any one of them would force it. He would force his ball around or over into a basket placed on the table, and make the inevitable carom, to the 'satisfaction me, professor.' He would jump it through a hoop held a foot above the table, over a cue, or send it spinning down the top of the side cushion, as a necessary preliminary to the everlasting carom."

"We were convinced, by what we saw last night, that the best players of this country may give up all idea, for the present, of their standing even in a fixed ratio of inferiority to M. Berger. The difference is not in degree, but in kind. It was seen in New York that the Professor would beat the person he played with about the same number of points, whether it was Phelan or some amateur. Kavanagh, we believe, played a closer game with him than any one else. Mr. Secreter, a few days since, made over seventy in a game with him. But we count this nothing, for we believe that Mr. Berger, in the way of large runs, has done in this country by no means what he can do. He evidently did not exert himself for this last night, in the regular game. He tried to make a carom each time, probably, but when he got the balls together he did not nurse them, but would effect almost every shot by a perpendicular force. Their apparent approximation to him, therefore, we think no test of the comparative merits of our players. Mr. Kavanagh, we understand, is practicing sedulously in M. Berger's style of game, and has acquired a great many of his shots, but we think it will be a long time before he equals his master."

ONE OF THE BOYS.—In the county of Alleghany, N. Y., and on the headwaters of the Alleghany river, lives an active, thrifty citizen, still in early manhood, who devotes his energies to the preparation and sale of lumber. He raises many thousands of pine boards annually down the river, and has a lumber-yard at Memphis—probably not his only one. Associating intimately and trading largely with Southern, he has ever been a thorough Democrat, and last fall advocated Breckinridge for President.

Hearing of trouble at Memphis, he started for that city some weeks since, to look after his property, but was met at Cincinnati by representations that induced him to think that even he might not be safe in the Tennessee emporium. He telegraphed to a friend in Memphis for a solution of his doubt, and was rather surprised at receiving the gruff answer, "Damn you! come on!" He obeyed the discursive invitation; reached Memphis; and soon found his hotel surrounded by a mob of demons, yelling for his blood, though they only knew of him that he came from the North, and was supposed to be after pay for his property. Aided by a friend, he made his escape from a rear window, ran several miles across the country to the next station north on the railroad, there took the cars, and somehow reached Cincinnati, whence he telegraphed home that he would follow the message forthwith, and wished to meet his friends and neighbors the next evening. He did so meet them, and told them he was in for the war for the Union, and raised a company of sharpshooters on the spot, and is now at his head in Virginia. Whenever the North shall decide to entertain propositions looking to a compromise, we shall move that he be appointed one of the Commissioners to arrange the terms of adjustment.—N. Y. Tribune.

Mrs. Yelverton's novel, "Martyrs to Circumstances," is pronounced by London critics:

"The rhapsodizing rubbish of a love-raving French boarding-school mix, with a considerable spice of the fast woman of the world. Everybody who pays the odd six-pence for it will have purchased the fee-simple right to set up for a 'Martyr to Circumstances,' too. There is not an hour's reading in it, and it is worth the three-quarters of an hour more than it is worth. The 'gentle-blooded' major invenged—his enemy, his wife, has written a book."

A five-year-old newsboy, in New Haven, Conn., swallowed a penny the other day, and cried piteously about it till a medical bystander told him that if the money was good it would surely pass.

A remarkable case of very "early piety" has just been found in Brussels. The police making their rounds at midnight, found an ordinary clothes-line hanging near a door, several feet above the ground, and tracing its history discovered that it came out of a garret-window above. They entered the house, convinced that they were on the track of some daring burglar, searched all the premises, and at last on walking into the garret were horrified to find themselves confronted by a housemaid, in a very easy evening dress, who, with tears, explained that the mysterious clothes-line was attached to her left arm, in order that a young waiter to whom she was herself attached, coming early in the morning might call her with a jerk to prayers at the Cathedral. As this explained the clothes-line, and there was not much in the line of clothes before them, the discomfited and blushing police beat a hasty retreat.

HUMORS OF THE SCHOOL-ROOM.—A teacher, in exercising his pupils recently in arithmetic, gave the following question:

"A farmer put 132 bushels 1 peck of apples in 46 barrels; how many bushels did he put into a barrel?"

A lad of bright parts, ambitious to be the first to give an answer, said:

"Fourteen bushels 3 pecks."

"But how could you get 14 bushels of apples into a barrel?" asked the teacher.

"Oh! I suppose the apples were small ones," was the arch reply of the scholar.

HEENAN CHALLENGER ALL ENGLAND.—John C. Heenan has forwarded a challenge to England to fight Mace, Hurst, King, or any other man in England, for the sum of \$10,000. It is also stated that Heenan's offer embraces several other points, viz: That he (Heenan) will stake \$10,000 to \$8,000 if Mace will come to this country and fight in Canada; he will give Mace \$1,000 to defray his expenses here; or the Boy will take \$10,000 to \$8,000 and fight in England, if the champion of England will pay Heenan \$1,000 to defray his expenses to that country.

THE FRENCH EMPRESS REWARDS A POLICE HERO.—Not many weeks ago a pair of horses ran away with the carriage of a French gentleman, on the Champs Elysees, in Paris, when the crowd was numerous. The danger was imminent to many persons, when a sergeant of the police, Discor, gallantly rushed forward, seized the horses by the head, and stopped them in their flight.

A lady, passing in her carriage, witnessed his courage, and the next day he received a gold watch bearing the cypher of the donor, and it was that of the Empress.

How HE GOT OFF.—Mr. Lambertson, the Postmaster at Washington, Fla., who was arrested by the rebels, charged with sending letters and papers to the garrison at Fort Pickens, has got off very easy. The City Council of Montgomery tried him—we know not by what process of law—and sentenced him to be sent North. He was carried to Atlanta by the Marshal of Montgomery, and will be shipped from place to place until he is off secession soil.

CLASS IN GEOGRAPHY.—"What is the lowest ridge in Kentucky?"

Small Boy—"Breckinridge."

"What is the crookedest, meanest lane in America?"

Small Boy—"Jo Lane. Please mayn't I go out now?"

"Don't put too much confidence in a lover's vows and sighs," said Mrs. Partington to her niece; "let them tell you that you have lips like strawberries and cream, cheeks like tarnation, eyes like an asterisk; but such things often come from a tender head than a tender heart."

"WILL NOT RUN."—The Charleston Mercury says the brave sons of secession "will not run." This reminds us of the fellow who said: "Boys, I don't steal, but I can reach d—d far." The rebels may not have run, but they did some tell walking at Phillips, Martinsburg, and elsewhere.—Albany Journal.

The commissioners of the exhibition of 1862 have applied to Auber, Meyerbeer, and Rossini, for musical compositions representing France, Germany, and Italy, to be performed at the opening of the exhibition. Rossini has declined, on the ground that he does not now belong to the musical world.

Mr. Spurgeon has so overtasked his powers as to render it necessary for him to refuse all applications to preach elsewhere than in his own chapel. His medical advisers have compelled him to take this course in order to save his voice, which it was feared he would lose forever.

UNITED STATES MILITARY ROUTE.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO TRAVELLERS.
ON and after Thursday, May 16, 1861, passengers by trains between Washington and Baltimore will run as follows:

Leave Washington at 4:15 and 7:10 A. M., and 2:30 and 5:45 P. M., arriving at Baltimore at 6:50 and 8:50 A. M., and 4:05 and 7:30 P. M.

Leave Baltimore at 4:20 and 8:20 A. M., and 3:45 and 5 P. M., arriving at Washington at 6:10 and 10:10 A. M., and 5:25 and 6:45 P. M.

Passenger Trains leaving Washington at 7:10 A. M. and 5:45 P. M., and Baltimore at 8:20 A. M. and 5 P. M., make direct connections for Annapolis at the Junction.

Trains leave Annapolis for Baltimore and Washington at 6:30 A. M. and 4:15 P. M.

Passenger Trains leaving Washington at 4:15 and 7:10 A. M., and 2:30 P. M., make direct connections at Baltimore for Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and all other points North.

All articles of freight (not contraband of war) will be transported over the line. Tonnage trains will leave Baltimore at 4:20 A. M. Leave Washington at 7 P. M.

By order of the Secretary of War:
THOS. A. SCOTT,
General Manager.

U. S. MILITARY ROUTE—SPECIAL NOTICE.
ON SUNDAY the trains will leave the Depot at 7:10 A. M. and 2:30 P. M. for Philadelphia and New York. Trains will arrive at 6:10 A. M. and 5:45 P. M.
THOMAS A. SCOTT,
General Manager.

BOYS' CLOTHING.
WE have received within the last day or two a large assortment of BOYS' SPRING CLOTHING, embracing all styles of low-priced, medium, and fine qualities, which we are selling at very low prices for cash.

WALL, STEPHENS, & CO.,
322 Penn. avenue, between Ninth and Tenth streets
may 23

ARMY SUPPLIES.

OFFICE OF ARMY CLOTHING AND EQUIPAGE,
Corner of Howard and Mercer Streets,
New York, July 8, 1861.

SEALED PROPOSALS are invited and will be received at this office until 12 o'clock, M., on MONDAY, the 29th day of July instant, when they will be publicly opened for furnishing by contract the following tents for the use of the army, deliverable at such place or places in the city of New York as may be hereafter designated, in quantities as required.

Proposals should state the price of tents complete, delivered at any of the depots of the Quartermaster's Department, exclusive of tent poles and tent pins, which will be the subject of separate contracts.

Large supplies will be needed, and the purchases will be made from the lowest responsible bidders, at the time it becomes necessary to give the orders.

The prices per tent should be stated, naming the places at which the bidder offers to deliver. The following specifications will be strictly adhered to:

HOSPITAL TENT.
14 feet long, 15 feet wide, 11 feet high, with a wall 4 1/2 feet, and having on one end a lappet, so as to admit of two or more tents being joined and thrown into one, with a continuous covering or roof.

HOSPITAL TENT FLY.
22 feet 10 inches long, 14 feet wide.

WALL TENT.
9 feet long, 9 feet wide, 9 feet high, 4 feet wall.

WALL TENT FLY.
16 feet long, 9 feet wide.

SIBBLE TENT.
18 feet diameter, 13 feet high.

SERVANT'S TENT.
9 feet 10 inches long, 7 feet wide, 7 feet 1 inch high.

The tents and "flies" are to be made of cotton duck, of the following weight and dimensions, viz:

For Hospital Tent—
30 inches wide and 22 1/2 ounces per yard.

For Hospital Tent Fly—
30 inches wide and 15 1/2 ounces per yard.

For Wall and Sibley Tent—
28 1/2 inches wide and 15 ounces per yard.

For Servant's Tent and Wall Tent Fly—
28 1/2 inches wide and 10 ounces per yard.

All the above-mentioned articles must conform in every respect to the sealed standard patterns in this office, where they may be examined, and additional information received concerning them.

As it is desirable that the articles be of domestic fabrication, bids from manufacturers and regular dealers will be preferred, which must be made for and conform to such articles only, in quality and description, as are required by the advertisement and the samples in this office, but contracts will be awarded to the lowest responsible bidder who shall furnish satisfactory securities for the faithful performance thereof.

The manufacturer's establishment or dealer's place of business must be distinctly stated in the proposal, together with the name, address, and responsibility of two persons proposed as sureties. The sureties will guarantee that a contract shall be entered into within ten days after the acceptance of said bid or proposal.

Proposals will be received for any one of the articles, separately, and for any portion of each, not less than one fourth of the number or quantity advertised for.

The privileges reserved by and for the United States of rejecting any proposals that may be deemed extravagant.

All articles will be subject to inspection by sworn inspectors, appointed by authority of the United States.

It is to be distinctly understood that contracts are not transferable without the consent of the proper authority, and that any sale, assignment, or transfer, without such consent, having been obtained, except under a process of law, will be regarded as an abandonment of the contract; and the contractor and his, or their, securities will be held responsible for all loss or damage to the United States which may arise therefrom.

Payments will be made on each delivery, should Congress have made an appropriation to meet them, or as soon thereafter as an appropriation shall be made for that purpose. Ten per cent. of the amount of each delivery will be retained until the contract shall be completed, which will be forfeited to the United States in case of default on the part of the contractor in fulfilling the contract.

Forms of proposals and guaranty will be furnished upon application to this office, and none will be considered that do not conform thereto.

Proposals will be endorsed, "Proposals for Furnishing Army Tents," and be addressed,
Major D. H. VINTON,
Quartermaster, U. S. Army,
Box 3,298 Post Office.

PURE COUNTRY MILK.

THE subscriber delivers Pure Country Milk, morning and evening, as usual, to his customers. Strangers commencing housekeeping in this city, who desire Milk, can have their orders promptly attended to by applying at this office.

mar 13—tf
DAVID MILLER.

A PRINCIPAL LOCATION FOR SALE FOR CASH.

GLEBE COTTAGE, in Alexandria county, can be bought low. It consists of 100 acres well fenced; good buildings—large house, two large barns—fruit of all kinds, and in a high state of cultivation. Inquire on the premises, or at 393 Sixth street, between G and H.

J. B. BROWN.
may 17—6m

CREAM ALE! CREAM ALE!

THE subscriber has the pleasure of informing the public that he has become sole agent for the sale of MARTIN'S JUSTLY CELEBRATED CREAM ALE, appreciated by all who have tried it, as a nutritive, delicious, wholesome beverage. He has also been appointed sole agent for the sale of Bergh's Philadelphia Sparkling Stock Ale. The above beverages need no commendation from the subscriber, but he would cordially invite all who have never tested their merits to give him a call at his depot, No. 464 Seventh street, opposite the General Post Office, and satisfy themselves not only of the excellencies of these ales, but of the promptitude of the agent in executing their orders.

MOSES SAMSTAG,
464 Seventh st., opp. the Post Office.
june 29—1m

LOST.

ON the 9th instant, a small SPANIEL DOG, had on a rough leather collar, with owner's name written in ink. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving it at the corner of Virginia avenue and Tenth street, or at the Smithsonian Institution. jy 15

LOT FOR SALE.

Lot Five, in Square 1032, containing about 13,000 square feet. Price, three cents per foot. Apply at this office.

GALT'S STEAM FIRE WOOD MILLS, AND COAL DEPOT.

Wharf, foot of Seventeenth street, below the War Department.

Office, No. 282 Pennsylvania avenue, between Eleventh and Twelfth streets.

Wood prepared any length or size, or delivered cord length.

Coal screened before delivery.

june 1—tf

LOUIS FRANZE, FRESCO AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER, AND DEALER IN Paints, Oils, Glass, Lamps, &c., &c.

HOUSE PAINTING AND GLAZING.
320 C st., bet. Sixth and Seventh sts., north side, WASHINGTON CITY.

mar 18—6m

WANTED FOR CASH—All kinds of Second-Hand Furniture and House-keeping Articles.

Persons leaving the city, or having a surplus, will do well to call immediately on R. BUCHLEY, Dealer in New and Second-Hand Furniture, No. 428 Seventh street, between G and H streets.

june 4—tf

H. HOFFA, WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER.

Recommends himself to the public in general to do all kinds of work in his line, and guarantees the same. Charges low.

feb 15

WALL, STEPHENS, & CO. MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING.

Made to Order, Wholesale and Retail,
No. 322 Penn. avenue, between Ninth and Tenth streets, WASHINGTON, D. C.

may 2

R. FINLEY HUNT, DENTIST, WASHINGTON CITY.

No. 310 Pennsylvania avenue, bet. Ninth and Tenth streets.

mar 18—6m

INTERIOR ADORNMENTS.

486. 486.

PAPER HANGINGS, OF ALL GRADES AND PRICES.

WARRANTED Gold Band Window Shades, Buff, Green, and Blue Holland Shades, all sizes, made to order.

Also, a handsome assortment of Picture Cord and Tassels, all sizes and colors.

Purchasing for cash, and allowing no old stock to accumulate, persons needing the above goods will find it to their advantage to give me a call.

All work executed and superintended by practical men, who have served a regular apprenticeship at their trade.

Satisfaction guaranteed, or no pay required. Please give me a call. Remember the number.

JOHN MARKRITER,
No. 486 Seventh street, eight doors above Odd Fellows' Hall.

CENTRAL LIVERY, SALE, AND HIRING STABLES.

No. 471 and 473 (west side) Eighth street, bet. D and E sts., Washington, D. C.

First-class Horses and Vehicles, (single or double), and attentive Hostlers, always on hand.

T. W. WILLIAMS, Proprietor.

INTERESTING TO Office seekers, Office holders, and Everybody Else.

If you want an office, buy a nice suit of Clothes from SMITH, No. 460 Seventh street.

If you wish to look nice, buy a suit of Clothes at SMITH'S anyhow. feb 28—6m

WANTED.

ANY person having a good-sized furnished house to rent, or who would like to rent the house and sell the furniture, on terms suited to the times, may perhaps find a customer by addressing Box No. 247, City Post Office.

may 15—tf

BOARDING.